

Pokemon: Aura Heroes

by Mega Buizel Ex

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Summary: When the heir to the throne on Galaxy Isle Shasta the Shaymin is warned of a disaster, she finds out that she and the light heroes are the only ones that can stop it.

1. Prologue

****This is a pretty short chapter. Well, it's the prologue, so it isn't going to be as long as the chapters. Hopefully you get the point of the story after reading this. Thank you for reading, and I'd love it if you review.****

Lord Rayquaza was seated on his throne of obsidian, which glittered with the gleam of black opals, malachite, Melanie, and moonstones. Lord Rayquaza was the ruler of the galaxy. At least the civilization part.

This place was called Galaxy Isle. Several mythical Pokemon live here. Even some non-mythical Pokemon, like Clefairy.

Galaxy Isle was different from most civilizations. The grass was purple, the sky was nothing but open space. The water was yellow. Even the soil was silver. Even the rocks were pretty, as they were the same kind of stones embedded in Lord Rayquaza's throne.

What did Galaxy Isle look like to us? Well, it looks like a huge floating island, surrounded by a veil of magic.

But, this story is not about Lord Rayquaza, or Galaxy Isle. It is about Lord Rayquaza's apprentice, and heir, Shasta. Shasta is a Shaymin. Since she lives up in the galaxy, she is always in Sky Form.

"Lord Rayquaza." Shasta said, gazing out the window of the light palace. "What will become of me?"

"You are my heir." He replied. "You will become ruler of Galaxy Isle."

"But. . ." Shasta said. "I have never proven myself. I am simply your heir. What have I done to deserve such an honor?"

"You have been chosen." He said. "That's the way it is. You may want to know why, but that will come later."

"Lord Rayquaza, I just don't believe I can take on that responsibility yet. I just. . ." She paused, and looked down on Galaxy Isle from the window. "I don't think I'm worthy."

They were inside of Lord Rayquaza's palace. The most sacred place in all of Galaxy Isle. The palace was constructed one hundred years ago, by Lord Rayquaza himself, with the help of Deoxys, Uxie, Mesprit, and Azelf.

No one knew what the palace was constructed of, but the palace was extremely resistant to darkness. The palace even glowed a heavenly light every night.

"Rayquaza. . ." Shasta started to say, but she was interrupted when one of the messengers ran in through the door. The messenger was a Clefable wearing a silver and golden robe.

"Lord Rayquaza! Master Shasta! It is urgent. Arrive at the meeting hall at once!" She said, and ran out of the room.

"What!?" Rayquaza said, and quickly rose from his throne hovering in midair. "Shasta. We leave at once!" Follow quickly!"

He started flying out of the room, and Shasta quickly followed. Rayquaza was surprisingly fast, and even Shasta had to push her limits to keep up with him.

They were soon flying out in the open sky. The stars twinkling with their magic glow, Shasta couldn't help but feel free. She was rarely allowed to fly.

I should be ashamed. She thought. _I shouldn't be feeling this great. It seems like the whole isle is in danger. _

"Shasta!" Rayquaza shouted. "We are nearly there!"

The meeting hall was constructed of beautiful jewels and precious metals. Hard and sturdy opal pillars held up the beautiful diamond roof.

The floor in the meeting hall was checked with silver and gold embedded with precious jewels. Quartz carvings of famous Pokemon scattered along the shiny hall.

Rayquaza and Shasta landed in front of the hall. "Let's go inside Shasta. There is no time to waste."

They headed inside the glorious building. They were greeted by a Phione. "Hello. Welcome to the meeting house. We have been expecting you."

"Yes." Rayquaza said. "I would like to hear this urgent issue."

"In that case my lord, follow me." Phione said, and began floating toward one of the many hallways.

"How are you floating?" Shasta asked, but she already knew why. This building was coated in an enchantment, that allowed all Pokemon to defy gravity while inside. It wasn't as surprising to her, as she always could fly. She had learned this from Rayquaza, an expert on magic.

"It's just the laws of this building." The Phione replied. "Come on. The meeting will start soon."

Shasta and Rayquaza followed Phione through the gilded halls. Then they reached the meeting hall. There were many chairs, some big enough to hold Rayquaza, others so small they couldn't fit Shasta.

Rayquaza took his place in one of the big chairs, while Shaymin sat in a smaller chair. _This is going to be interesting. Maybe I can prove myself worthy of my destiny. My purpose._

It started when a Manaphy floated up to the speaker phone. Shasta glanced around the room. Other Pokemon seated at the hall, were Mew, Deoxys, Moltres, Lugia, and Celebi.

Manaphy began talking. "Hello everyone. I'm glad you all showed up to meet in Galaxy Isle. We are facing an extreme emergency. I need your thoughts on it. Does anyone know what it is?"

"I do." Celebi said, and flew up next to Manaphy. "I've seen it. It's bad, really bad. Evil too."

"Would you mind explaining what it is?" Deoxys asked.

"Of course. It's negative aura. It's everywhere. Something bad is going to happen and we need to do it fast!"

"What are your thoughts Celebi?" Manaphy asked, and let Celebi closer to the speaker phone.

"I say, we evacuate. Find another island, and hope it doesn't reach us." The entire room was silent.

Mew was the first one to speak. "That is the worst idea ever! You expect us to abandon all the Pokemon on the nearby planet! And what's to say the negative aura won't reach us anyway?!"

"It was the best I had." Celebi said, and flew back to his seat.

"Any other ideas?" Manaphy said. The room was silent.

Finally Rayquaza stood up, and floated to the stand. "I have an idea. There is a great prophecy that says that the heir to Galaxy Isle will gather other light warriors, and use it to defeat the negative aura. The entire room stared at Shasta.

There you go! I hope you enjoyed, and please share your thoughts. Who knows? I might just take your ideas into account. Thanks!

2. Meet Wihara

Hello guys! I am back with chapter 1 of Pokemon Aura Heroes, and in this one, you will meet one of the main protagonists, and I know it's short, but I'll get the chapter out as fast as possible. And believe me, once we have the story going, they will be much longer.

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Tall skyscrapers scraped the sky. The smell of smoke filled the once fresh air. Brookshore city was the biggest city in the region. Over two million Pokemon lived in this city, and was as filthy as a city could get.

There was a group of water Pokemon that lived under the great steel bridge you had to cross to reach the city. One was a Buizel named Wihara. He wasn't particularly strong, nor fast or smart. He was often made fun of, for being the "Normal one".

He was fishing under the water, when he heard a weird noise. "Huh?" He said, and swam up to it. It was a giant clam. Inside, was a weird orb, he decided to grab it, but when he did, he felt someone shove the clam closed.

He heard voices of mockery coming from outside the clam. "Ha! You fell for it!" He recognized that voice. Vydra the Buizel. He was the fastest and the strongest out of all of them. He had made Wihara his personal punching bag.

"Very funny Vydra! Now let me out!" Wihara said, and started scratching the insides of the clam.

"Not this time!" Vydra said, and began pushing the clam to the whirlpooling waters.

"What do you mean!?" He said. "What are you going to do to me!?"

"Wash you up forever!" He said. "The ultimate payback!"

"Payback for what!?" Wihara responded from inside the clam. "I never did anything to you!"

"You'll find out in due time." Vydra replied, and pushed the clam into a whirlpool.

The clam started spinning and spinning and spinning. He could feel himself becoming sick. . . _Uhhhhhhh. . . Can't. . . Drifting off. . . _

When he woke up, he was on an island. _I can't believe he tricked me like that. I can't believe it. Now I'll never be back home. I wish I wasn't so useless. _Suddenly, he saw a flaming meteor fall to the other side of the island. "What!?" He said, and began to panic.

"Oh no! The island will light on fire! Oh no oh no oh no!" He quickly ran to where he was certain the meteor had landed. But. . . There wasn't a meteor, there was a Pokemon.

The creature had light green paws, and fluffy white ears that could act as wings. She was in a crater on the ground, suggesting she had been what Wihara was certain was a meteor. She also had one wing on her side, that looked like two giant flower petals connected.

She was all covered in ash, meaning she had hit the ground hard. When she opened her eyes, they were revealed to be a light green.

"Uhh. Hmm?" She saw the Buizel, and got this weird positive aura in her vision. "A chosen one. . ." She said.

"W-what?!" Wihara said. "What do you mean? I'm just a useless Pokemon. I don't have any talents. You must have me confused with Vydra."

"No." She said, not knowing why she said that. "A chosen one. You are a chosen one. A hero of light."

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NICE ENDING RIGHT!? WRONG. I know, but I'm not that good at writing. Stay tuned!

3. Meet Ispata

So here is chapter 2, continuing in the story with a slightly different perspective enjoy. Review if you like!

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Ispata the Sneasel was sitting on top of a floating iceberg, and was staring at her reflection. _Maybe. . . Maybe my destiny is here. . . Possibly._

She was searching for her destiny. She had found out that her destiny was not at home, but somewhere else out there, so she got on an iceberg, and began to sail away.

Her parents said she was rushing it, she was seeking it too fast. She knew better than that though. She knew her destiny was somewhere else, and that she had to find it. Suddenly, she saw a hot meteor crash onto an island.

"My destiny awaits!" Ispata said, and began swimming in the cold water toward the island. When she reached the shore, she heard footsteps, so she hid behind a tree. Breathing silently, she turned and saw a Buizel, a Pokemon native to her region.

He was looking at what seemed to be a deep crater. Inside of the crater, was a weird Pokemon. A Shaymin. Seeing the Shaymin, she peered closer, as the Shaymin recovered, and stood up, revealing to Ispata that she was covered in ash.

Then she heard the Shaymin speak words, and saying that the Buizel was a chosen one. Hearing these words, she walked out from behind the

tree. "Hello." She said to the Buizel and Shaymin.

"I am Shasta." The Shaymin said. "And you are also a chosen one! What luck!"

"Umm. . . What's going on?" Wihara asked, and began to tiptoe away before Ispata grabbed him by the neck and dragged him back.

"Oh!" Shasta said. "Sorry. I forgot you'd be confused. I need to tell you something, about being chosen ones. A light warrior."

"I don't understand." Ispata said. "How can we be light warriors? We don't even know eachother! And why do you need light warriors anyhow? It's not like the world is coming to a close."

"Actually, if you don't help. It might." Shasta said darkly. "A huge force called negative aura is building up. Soon, it will take on a form. A form. . . Of a Pokemon."

"What?" Wihara said. "I know that aura is the life energy in us all, but how can it take on the form of a Pokemon?"

"Well, negative aura isn't like our aura. Negative aura is the bad in us all. When we are good, we eliminate the bad aura. Sometimes, it escapes into the universe. It has done that already. That is why I came down from Galaxy Isle. If it takes over Galaxy Isle. . ." She paused.

"What will it do?" Ispata said. "Destroy the galaxy?"

"Will it destroy the legendaries?" Wihara guessed.

"No." Shasta said. The two sighed in relief. "It will destroy the legendaries, take over this planet, and _then _destroy the galaxy.

Ispata and Wihara sweatdropped. "But. . ." Wihara said. "Why us? Surely there are more suitable people."

"NO." Shasta said. "I meant what I said, and I said you were the chosen ones. Actually. . . There is one more. . ."

"Who?" Ispata and Wihara asked.

"How am I supposed to know!?" Shasta said. "The only reason I recognized you as light warriors was because I can recognize positive aura."

"Only light warriors have visible positive aura. There are supposed to be 4 light warriors."

"But. . ." Ispata said. "You said only one was missing."

"Yes. That's true. I am one of them. But. . . Now that I met you, I'd like you to introduce yourselves."

"Okay. . ." Wihara said. "I am Wihara."

"I am Ispata." The Sneasel said.

"Like I said before, I am Shasta." Shasta said. "Now are first move should be to find the fourth light warrior."

"Okay." Wihara said. "But how are we going to find him or her? They could be anywhere."

"I can also scent positive aura. So when we get close, I'll know."

"Wait!" Ispata said. "Who even said I was helping?! I've got a destiny to find!"

"Well are you?" Shasta said. "Put a hand in." She held her paw up. Wihara shakily put his paw down on hers.

"I'm in. It's the right thing to do." Wihara said. They both glanced at Ispata.

"If my destiny is here, I need to find out." She put her hand on top of Wihara's. "I'm in."

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So, here we are at the end of another chapter! Thx for reading!

4. Meeting each other part 1

Well, I know this chapter was also short, but hopefully after reading it you'll understand a bit more about the characters. Thxs for reading!

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"I'm glad you're helping!" Shasta said, and she started to fly, but fell down in pain. "Ow." She said, grimacing as she stood up shakily.

"Are you okay?" Wihara asked. "I think you're injured." He looked at Shasta. For the first time he realized her flower petal was torn. Shasta saw him looking at it, and she turned to look upon it.

"Ahh! My wing!" She said. "My wing! If it's torn I can't fly!" She looked utterly terrified at the thought of not being able to fly.

Ispata narrowed her eyes. "You know we can't fly, so even if you were able to, how are we supposed to get off this stupid island?"

Shasta seemed lost in thought. It appeared that the thought had not occurred to her that the light heroes might not have gravity defying abilities.

Wihara started gathering up sticks. "We could build a raft out of these sticks." He suggested. "Why not? It's the best I could come up with." He said.

"WHAT!?" Ispata said loudly. "ARE WE REALLY GONNA RUN AROUND THIS

BEACH SEARCHING FOR TWIGS TO BUILD A RAFT!?" But despite her loud complaining, Shasta had also began to gather sticks.

"Where should we put them?" Wihara asked. "We can't hold all of them."

Shasta tilted her head in thought. "How about by that tree?" Shasta said, looking at one of the biggest palm trees. "We can mark it." She looked at Ispata, who was hunched over a log.

"Ispata, can you mark that tree with your claws?" Wihara asked. She grunted in response, and marked the tree by deeply cutting it.

Shasta and Wihara continued gathering twigs. The sun continued on its trip across the sky, until it was finally slipping behind the alpine mountains. Shasta stopped gathering twigs, laid on the ground, and fell asleep by the fire they had lit. Ispata was certain Wihara was asleep, but when she sat by the fire Wihara spoke to her.

"I see you're cold." He said, standing up and walking closer to her. Soon, he sat down next to her, There were a few moments of undisturbed silents, only broken by the crackling of the fire.

"Wihara. . ." Ispata finally said. "Why are you accepting her so easily? It could be a trick." She turned to Wihara. He looked at her.

"I accepted her so easily, because I know that I'm a million times better here than I was back home." Wihara responded, putting an extra twig into the fire. "Even if it's all a trick."

Ispata felt her heart soften upon hearing these words. _What does he mean? How can he be better off? Where does he come from? I wish I knew._

Then she noticed that Wihara had gone to a pile of leaves, and was laying on it. He appeared to be asleep.

"Hmm. Maybe I'm wrong." She whispered, and went over to a different pile of leaves, and fell asleep.

She thinks I'm asleep. Wihara said. He walked over to her, made sure she was asleep, and began gathering vines. Once he had, he began to tie the twigs together, to make a raft.

End
file.